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THE POLITICAL

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

FROM THE NORTHERN LIBERATOR.

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THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART I.



PILGRIM SETTING OUT ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE CITY OF REFORM.

As we one day were indulging in a kind of political reverie, on the severe and multiplied miseries and distresses of this country, we insensibly fell into a most profound nap, and we dreamed a dream of a deep and lively interest.

We thought we saw a large and populous city, called the "CITY OF PLUNDER." Its edifices and buildings were of the most mottled and varied description; some splendid palaces, and others mean hovels of mud. The city had a great profusion of

gnilded domes, and fanes, and its appearance at a distance, especially under the subdued rays of a setting sun, was the most imposing and striking imaginable. Its people seemed active, industrious, and enterprising; but there appeared a singular custom amongst them, which greatly marred their social happiness and unanimity, and this was, that nearly one half of the inhabitants made a practice of putting their hands into the pockets of the other half, and taking their money from them. There was *law*, indeed, for this singular custom; but then, upon enquiry, it was found that this law had been made exclusively by the persons who claimed the exercise of this odd privilege. This law was fortified by a thing called "*government*," which professed an intense interest in the happiness and welfare of the people, but stoutly maintained, at the same time, that they were not able to take care of their own concerns, but that it had a singular knack and skill in this occult art. This thing "*government*" always vehemently affirmed that the mode of making one half of the people work for and support the other half, was the very perfection of human wisdom. Once every year it called divers persons together into a certain building in the city, and they concocted various public declarations and ordinances, which were promulgated, with great pomp, to the people touching this great truth; and which declarations and ordinances contained rules, both general and particular, how one division of the people might take the money from the other, and on this account these public acts were designated with the imposing epithets of the "*wisdom of parliament*."

It became obvious, however, that this custom amongst the inhabitants did not operate favourably upon their social condition. One half of the people were doomed to a state of misery, vice, and want! while the other part, who took their money from them, were rioting in wickedness, sensuality, and

ostentatious splendour. Murmurings and discontents prevailed to a considerable extent; but the thing called "*government*" always declared that these evils were necessary ones, and that to complain and remonstrance was a grievous sin committed against another sacred thing, called "the constitution by law established." Divers confabulations, called "*debates*" ensued on the disputed topics; and some part of the city always indulged the hope that these outpourings of the lips would be followed by some decided advantages to the whole of the people; but in this they had been cruelly disappointed.

Now we saw in our dream that two or three strange men came into the *City of Plunder*, bearing in their hands certain inscriptions, and called the especial attention of that portion of the people who were plundered to the import of these inscriptions. These persons pointed to a distant city, called the "*City of Reform*," where the people lived under just and equal laws enacted by themselves, and enjoyed to the full all the fruits of their own labour and skill. When these strangers had explicitly stated their views, we thought we saw a strong labouring man with his wife and ragged children, express a determination no longer to live in the "*City of Plunder*," but to set out for the "*City of Reform*," under the guidance and direction of the strangers. His name was *Radical*, and he had a weighty load on his back, which he had endured for many years, and which materially impaired his strength, and absorbed his resources, in spite of all his efforts.—The strangers made him fully aware of the dangers and difficulties of the journey; but he was not disheartened; on the contrary, he cheered up the spirits of his wife and children by singing the following ditty.—

Where'er we shall our pathway take—
Thro' wood, thro' wild, thro' bush, thro' brake—
Our honesty shall be our stay,
And virtue guide us on our way.

By night, by day : by wild, by wood;
By rock, by desert, and by flood;
Beneath the ever-beaming ray,
Or when the night o'ercasts the day ;

'Mid tempests wild; 'mid savage caves,
That echo to ten thousand waves;
Still in our cause shall be our trust:
Death hath no terrors for the just !

'Mid perils we our course may bend,
But Providence shall be our friend.
Hell is beneath for those who fall;
God, for the good, is over all.

When Radical's intention became generally known in the “*City of Plunder*,” it created a considerable sensation. The party who had long enjoyed the privilege of putting their hands into their neighbour's pockets, were composed of two sects, one called the “*outs*” and the other the “*ins*!”—They cordially hated and abused each other, except when the other inhabitants of the city complained, and then these sects were hand in glove. Now the “*outs*” and the “*ins*” had various consultations about Radical's departure for the “*City of Reform*.” The “*outs*” maintained that there was no such city as that of “*Reform*;” on the contrary, it was the “*City of Destruction*,” and the people who lived in it were called “*destructives*,” “*revolutionists*,” and “*rebels*;” while the “*ins*” thought there *might be* such a city as “*Reform*,” but it was at such a long distance, and the road was so intricate and beset with brambles and thorns, that it was dangerous for any one to set out on such a journey just at *this peculiar time*. They did not like to deny the existence of this renowned city, but at the present time they were comfortably off themselves, and thought the people who complained, were labouring under an impatience of change. They, the “*ins*,” solemnly declared that the whole people of the city, that if they found themselves not so comfortably situated as they thought their merits demanded, they would have no great objections to set out with Radical to

the new country ; but for the present they felt no great disposition to change.

When Radical and his family were leaving the city, they met with Mr Worldlywiseman, who was just on his way to his daily occupation. He enquired of Radical the end and object of his journey, and expressed surprise to see so formal a preparation for another country. The following dialogue then took place between the Pilgrim and him.

Worldlywiseman.—Pray, Radical, what has made you so discontented with your lot in the “City of Plunder,” as to induce you to leave the place of your nativity, and where you have spent so many years of your life?

Radical.—Why, Sir, the motive is an urgent one. I have for a long time been compelled to bear this load upon my back, and I am not only, therefore, prevented from making my wife and family so comfortable as I could wish, but I am subjected to much real personal suffering besides. I am anxious, on this account, to seek for a little ease.

Worldlywiseman.—Ease, did you say ? Why, sir, you are just going the road to misery and disappointment. Rolling stones gather no moss. Agitation and change are two things I heartily detest ; they are completely subversive of our worldly happiness and respectability. I would never recommend them to any friend of mine.

Radical.—Well, Sir, no change can be a change for the worse to me. I am half-starved myself ; my wife and children cry for bread, and I have none to give them ; and you see, with your own eyes, our helpless and ragged condition. I know from bitter experience that my stationary habits of life have hitherto brought no moss to me.

Worldlywiseman.—You common people are always so discontented and repining that there is no satisfying you. All men cannot be rich, Providence has ordered matters otherwise ; therefore, you should learn patience, and humility ; happiness, let me tell you, lies in the mind ; and if you will only

be prevailed upon to think yourself happy, you will soon find the sharp sting is taken out of your temporary evils.

Radical.—Part of this may be true, but hunger and nakedness are but indifferent stimulants to the virtues of patience and humility. I do not wish to be rich, in the ordinary sense of the word. I wish to have a just and reasonable compensation for my labour, and to have the privilege of keeping what I do earn for the use of my wife and children. I should like to change places with you in society, and then, perhaps, you would see how comfort and happiness are to be promoted under the circumstances I am placed in.

Worldlywiseman.—Oh! that is quite a different thing, I see you are bitten with the rabid mania of the day. Good bye, and a pleasant journey to you. I see my friend, Mr. Lickspittle, has an order for me.

After Radical and his family lost sight of Mr. Worldlywiseman, they bent their steps towards a flat and swampy district. Here it became difficult and tiresome to travel. The load on the Political Pilgrim's back began to feel exceedingly heavy, and his wife and children rather lagged behind. As they moved slowly forward they came in sight of an immense bog, called "the Political Slough of Despond." This was an appalling and disheartening object; and yet it was necessary to pass right through it before they could regain the right path to the "City of Reform." The scenery and objects around were the most dreary and melancholy imaginable. One immense swampy marsh presented itself, with only here and there a little tuft of vegetable life, just sufficient to beguile the hapless wanderer into a fatal security of a sure footing. The heavens seemed to frown upon the whole aspect, and to mark it out as an especial object of vengeance and hate. The sloping edges of the Slough were thickly crowded with reptiles, and obnoxious and troublesome vermin of all kinds, together with gibbets, skulls, and dead men's bones.

Indeed, this Slough was the natural receptacle of every thing filthy and impure from the "City of Plunder," and was not susceptible of the slightest improvement from human skill. Radical had to prepare himself to go through it, together with his wife and family, and the prospect was dreary and disconsolate enough, for there was no one to assist or comfort. However, he took courage, and ventured into the Slough, taking all possible care to lend his wife and children every degree of assistance. The struggle was an arduous one, the whole family appearing at one time to be near the point of perishing, but they were supported by a voice from the opposite side of the Slough, counselling them to persevere, and be of good heart, till assistance could be rendered. When Radical and his family got near to the opposite side, they espied two men standing near the edge, close to a guide post, which had the words written on it, "the straight road to the City of Reform." These two individuals held in their hands the *Charter of Freedom*, which every inhabitant of that famous city has presented to him when he becomes a citizen of it. These two strangers lent Radical their aid to get out of the Slough, and attended to the comfort of his wife and family.

We saw in our dream that when the Political Pilgrim and his family got in some measure comforted, they set out on their journey, and directed their steps towards the City of Reform. They had a heavy and long hill to climb, and as they were bending their steps upwards, they met a man in great haste coming down the hill, and making his way towards the City of Plunder. He had a singular dress, spoke in soft and tender accents, and seemed to feel a deep interest in the object of his mission. His name was Mr Cant Humanity, and he was heavily laden with petitions, remonstrances, and projects, for the immediate abolition of all kinds of misery and oppression amongst people of

a black colour. When Radical saw him, he civilly moved his hat, and asked him if he could relieve him, or give him some advice, for the prosecution of his journey ; when the following dialogue took place :—

Mr. Cant Humanity.—My dear friend, gladly would I advise you, for deeply do I feel interested in your welfare, and that of all the human race besides—but to give men advice is sometimes no easy matter !

Radical.—How so, Sir ?

Mr. Cant Humanity.—Why, my dear friend, when men have fixed their affections upon pursuits, which after all, may only be built on clouds, and are the dreams of an excited and heated fancy, to undeceive or to reason with, looks like an injury—and, God forbid, I should appear harsh to any man—oh ! no ! I am too sensible of the frailty of our common nature.

Radical.—Sir, I assure you that no advice you can give, will be received as an injury by me ! I am bound for the City of Reform. Can you assist me on my road.

Mr. Cant Humanity.—We are all brethren, and must, when we can, assist each other. You are bound, you say, for the City of Reform. Alas ! my dear friend, words are not things. Can you be, or are you sure, that such a city as you speak of exists ; or, if you were then, are you sure that you would have changed your situation for the better ?

Radical.—Why should I doubt it, Sir. No one has ever yet denied the reality of the city ; though some certainly do say, it cannot be reached, and others, that if it were, it is all a cheat !

Mr. Cant Humanity.—My dear brother, I do not presume to decide, but deceptions are abroad, and beset us on all sides. We are erring creatures, and to be content with our own lot, and to try to better that of others, is our safest course in this vale of tears. Many persons, you are aware, have set out in search of the city you mention, but none have

yet reached it ; many have never returned, and those who have returned, have rued the hour they set out—added burthens, and diminished respectability, have been the fruits.

Radical.—How so, Sir?

Mr Cant Humanity.—How so, my friend, Radical ? why, is it not easy to see *how* ? You set out on this endless, toilsome, journey, with your wife and children, you are, as you say—and from my heart I regret it—heavily laden. Even so, you fail by the way as all your predecessors have done, and how do you return ? worn out—shipped of all—shoeless, hatless, coatless—your poor wife dying broken-hearted,—your children foot-sore, all of you covered with mud, and no one to sympathise with you. My dear brother, I respect your motives, but doubt your understanding, leave this fruitless quest and try something tangible. Now, there are the poor blacks in the West Indies, no one doubts their degraded state, let us rescue them—and then—

Radical.—Sir, I can pity suffering wherever it be ; but I must confess, my humanity begins at home. When I see my poor children and wife and feel my burthen, preventing me doing my duty by them, as I wish to do, I postpone my interest in black people two thousand miles off. No, Sir, I must go on. Can you assist me ?

Mr Cant Humanity.—Gladly would I do so, my dear friend, were it in my power, but man's means and time, are limited ; we must submit to the decree of Providence. See all these documents, they all relate to state corporeal and spiritual of the poor Negro. Here is enough for one man, and this is only a small part of this great work !

Radical.—I am sorry you can do nothing for us Sir, but I do not despair.

Mr Cant Humanity.—Oh ! by no means, I have no doubt your intentions are good, but I fear they are impracticable. I shall be happy to hear from you, and now wish you a good journey, be cautious, my dear friend, as to every step you take.

Now we see in our dream that when Mr Cant Humanity had left Radical and his family, that the latter directed their steps towards a wicket-gate, at the entrance of which stood a small porter's lodge, at which they ventured to enquire the road to the City of Reform. It was kept by one Mr Sincerity, who gladly directed the Pilgrim to the right path, and gave him such assistance and counsel as he required. Radical had not travelled far till he met with two men, going to the City of Plunder, whose names were *Obstinate* and *Pliable*. They had both been so far on their journey to the City of Reform, but from divers reasons had turned their backs on it, and longed to return to their old quarters. *Obstinate* did not like to do as other men did, to think as other men thought, nor act in consort with other men ; and *Pliable* became easily persuaded to change his course, whenever the slightest difficulty fell in the way. They both knocked at the wicket-gate, but there was no entrance for them.

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THE GIANTS' DESPAIR.

THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART II.

Now, we saw in our dream that Radical and his family were getting much enfeebled in their journey, and their means of living becoming scanty.—They were constrained, therefore, to ask subsistence by the way. This came to the knowledge of some official people in the neighbourhood, who carried the information to a large castle, called the “Castle of Despair,” in which three despots resided, who were appointed by the ruling authorities in the City of Plunder, to oppress, and cruelly use, the poor, the aged, and unfortunate. This formidable castle, with its whole establishment of scouts and runners, was instituted for the express purpose of reducing the people of this country to live on a coarser kind of food, in order that their spirit might be humbled and broken, and that the idle and profligate might obtain more plunder from the industrious and virtuous. This griping system was considered, by the philosophers of the City of Plunder, to be a master stroke of policy; for it was strenuously maintained that all former legislators had greatly erred in supposing that good and substantial living was favourable to virtue, industry, and social happiness; whereas it was now clearly demonstrated, that to raise the national character

to a truly "liberal" pitch, men must live on seaweed and grains, be clothed in rags, and dwell in mud cabins without an article of furniture.

This castle was notorious throughout the whole country for cruelty and crime. Those unfortunate persons who became inmates of it, were fed on the most loathsome food, not fit for even pigs to eat ; they were subjected to severe and ignominious labour ; men were separated from their wives, and their children from both ; young women were shorn of their hair ; a prison dress was put on every unfortunate victim ; and their bodies, when dead, were given for dissection. Crimes of all sorts abounded in the Castle of Despair. It was one black and offensive sink of inconceivable enormities ; and the owners of the domain were only one degree removed from devils incarnate.

We thought we saw Radical and his family taken up to the Castle of Despair, and brought before the three despots, when the following dialogue followed :—

Despots.—What is your name, from whence do you come, and whether are you going ?

Radical.—My name is Radical, I come from the City of Plunder, and am on my way to the City of Reform.

Despots.—You are lazy and profligate, and consequently discontented and fond of change. Your rags and numerous brats are a sure iudication of your thoughtlessness and improvidence.

Radical.—I am not aware of being lazy, profligate, or improvident. I laboured incessantly twelve hours every day in the week, lived on the most humble fare, spent nothing in the way of indulgence, and yet I could not keep my wife and family with the commonest articles of food and clothing out of my wages.

Despots.—You committed an error in the first step of life. You took a wife before you had obtained a fortune to keep her, and you have gone on since peopling the world without placing your-

self under that wholesome “moral restraint” which we teach, as the great and infallible preservative against misery and want.

Radical.—I am not aware that I have violated any law, either of God or man, in taking to myself a wife. I see no reason why working men, whose labour creates every necessary and luxury of life, should be denied the pleasures and comforts of home.

Despots.— You are impertinent, sir. We shall make you more civil before you leave us. You must be put on the tread-mill to grind oats for your gruel, your wife must be separated from you, and we shall place your children under the care of our matrons.

We saw in our dream that the three despots ordered Radical and his family to be brought into the castle, and immediately subjected to the cruel discipline of the place. The hair was shaved off his wife's head, his children sent to the care of some horrid unnatural wretches, and himself compelled to run with a bag of sand upon his back up and down stairs so many times a day ; all this was inflicted to learn him to be industrious, careful, prudent, and moral. But the horrors he and his family endured were not the most galling parts of his sufferings. The moans, and cries, and lamentations, of the other inmates of the castle, afflicted him fully as much as his own personal troubles, and trials. During every hour of the night and day, the cries of suffering were heard, and the sun rose o'er the distant mountains only to mark one point in the endless circle of human woe.

By a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, Radical was enabled to have a few minutes interview with his wife. A concocted plan of escape was agreed on, and she contrived matters so as to get her children acquainted with the scheme. They and their mother made their escape, and the Pilgrim himself soon followed. Nothing could exceed the joy of the family when all were collected together,

even under the most trying circumstances. They all wandered at night, and slept in the woods by day, lest they should be discovered by the scouts of the castle. At length, they reached a part of the roads out of the liberties of the Castle of Despair, and Radical's heart was so melted, that he burst forth with the following song :—

Though rough and wild my way may be,
I shall not grieve, whilst I am free.
Nor o'er my journey's toil repine,
While flowers, and fields, and skies, are mine.

He, who can breathe the mountain air
Whilst there is life shall not despair;
The thirsty man shall find a spring,
And wend along his way and sing:

That God, who, in the wilderness,
His chosen people still could bless,
Shall help me with his hand divine,
And give his aid to me and mine.

The wild fruits and the cedars shade,
Not for a few were given or made;
The wild vine and the palm tree tall,
By him who sowed were meant for all.

Tho' poor and scant our fare may be,
I'll toil and hope, for I am free,
I'll take content what nature gave,
Nor e'er despair, whilst not a slave.

After this the Pilgrim proceeded on his journey, but he had not got far from the Castle of Despair, till he fell in with one *Talkative*, who was an important personage at all public meetings, and who said he was going towards the City of Reform.— Radical was glad of a companion, and he and *Talkative* joined in the crack as they progressed on their journey.

Talkative.—I presume, Sir, that you have not read much as to the constitutionality of an enlightened and philanthropic modification of our legislative enactments. Good government, in its abstract essence, is a scientific occultation ; the quintessence of intellectuality ; the infinite perfectibility of social

aggregation ; the happy centralization of representative power ; the combined volitions of emancipated intellects ; the regulated development of political conglomerations ; the united combination of universal sympathies ; the infallible dispenser of transcendental advantages ; the primeval precursor of indefinite domestic amelioration ; the creative foster-father of national energies ; the practical application of scientific codification ; the concentrated momentum of extatic and sublimated humanity ; the glorious effulgence of refined libertinism ; the unextinguishable blaze of ardent and patriotic devotion ; the patibulary horrification of judicial excellence ; the harmonious adaptation of civil and fraternal enterprises ; the soft and modulated accentuation of the public voice ; the peaceable incorruptibility of political elevation ; the dulcet titillations of refined and senatorial speechifications ; the legal logomachies of liberal institutions ; and the enlightened pathology of the body corporate. This is what I call a proper definition of good government.

Radical.—I must confess my inability to follow you in these learned matters ; but my humble notion of a good government is, that it will let working men, like myself, enjoy the fruits of their industry.

Talkative.—Allow me, my kind Sir, to illustrate your position, with a scientific exemplification. This subject is redundant with rational investigation. Exorbitant fiscal exactions tend to produce national hemorrhage ; to induce a social hemiplegia ; to effect an attenuated liquification of the state juices ; to cause a constipated obstruction of the commercial ducts ; to produce a squalid squamification of national impoverishment ; to check the insensible secretions of individual enterprise ; to delapidate and disperse the industrial accumulations of commerce ; to check the creative power of productive capital ; to weaken the concentrated energies of labour ; to foster the bilious belchings of state corruptionists ; to encourage the rapacious

rascalities of fiscal extortioners ; and to throw over the whole land the dark and shadowy mantle of chaotic obscuration.

Radical.—You seem well versed in the subject ; but what I wish to see is, that I may have some share in the making—

Talkative.—Of the laws ; begging your pardon for the interruption ; but I have so long paid undivided attention to this subject, that whenever I hear it mentioned. I have luminous vivifications of its innate importance. The electoral extension of the suffrage, is the sagacious extension of political wisdom ; it is the condensed superiority of legislative acumen ; it is the prescriptive inheritance of patriotic individuality ; it is the polarity of utilitarianism ; and it is the bright and ethereal effervescence of the general will.

Now, we saw that Radical was, in some degree, confounded with this eloquent torrent of his new companion, and he appeared not willing to provoke any further discussion. They both trudged forward on their journey, and in a short time overtook another traveller to the City of Reform, whose name was *Vanity*. *Talkative* and he soon scraped acquaintance, and entered into an animated debate on public matters. The Pilgrim and his family, however, left them to their own discussion, and took a night's shelter in a neat cottage by the way side, kept by one *Common Sense*, who was always of great service to all travellers. After supper, which had been plainly served, and during which his host made Radical drink a glass or two of fine home-brewed ale, the children having gone to bed with their mother, who was dreadfully fatigued with the journey, the following dialogue took place.

Common Sense.—Now, Radical, I should like to know your ideas as to this journey of yours, for I must tell you, that amongst your fellow-travellers are all sorts of notions and tales, as to this City of Reform. There was a family passed here last week, who called themselves the “transcendentals.”

They travelled in a sort of curricle, and had a foot-man behind them ; and when I asked them what they expected to find at the City of Reform, they told me that it was a city in the middle of which was a great square, in the centre of which was a statue of one Jeremy Bentham, and that the streets were classified and codified in way surprising to think of. Well, they went on, and were followed by another odd fantastical man with great whiskers and mustachoes, who called himself Republican. He insisted that the City of Reform was governed by a Town Council of men who stood with their heels uppermost more wisely than upon their feet, and that nobody could enter it unless he stood the fire of a battery of guns loaded with oyster shells, of which the fishwomen of the city yearly accumulated great quantities. Now, I want to hear your ideas.

Radical.—Truly, sir, I cannot understand the merits of either transcendental or republican. I have read somewhere that in the ancient republics they sometimes banished men by votes written on oyster shells, and for aught I know, codification may be a very fine thing. But to tell you my sincere opinion, I look at what a government *does*, not at what it is called. I have learned by bitter experience, that under the *name* and *form* of *liberty*, oppression the most horrid and tyrannical may take place. In short, sir, that government is best which takes least from the people, no matter what its *name* may be. A republic that took *fifty millions* would be an intolerable tyranny ; a dictator who took only five would be a tolerably good governor. A free government is best, because there is security for its continuance, but all governments must be judged by what they *do*, not by name and form. In the City of Reform I hear there are hardly any taxes, and that satisfies me. That is my creed, sir.

Common Sense.—And a plain creed it is. This creed of yours, Radical, pleases me better than anything I have heard for a long time. There is practical

THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

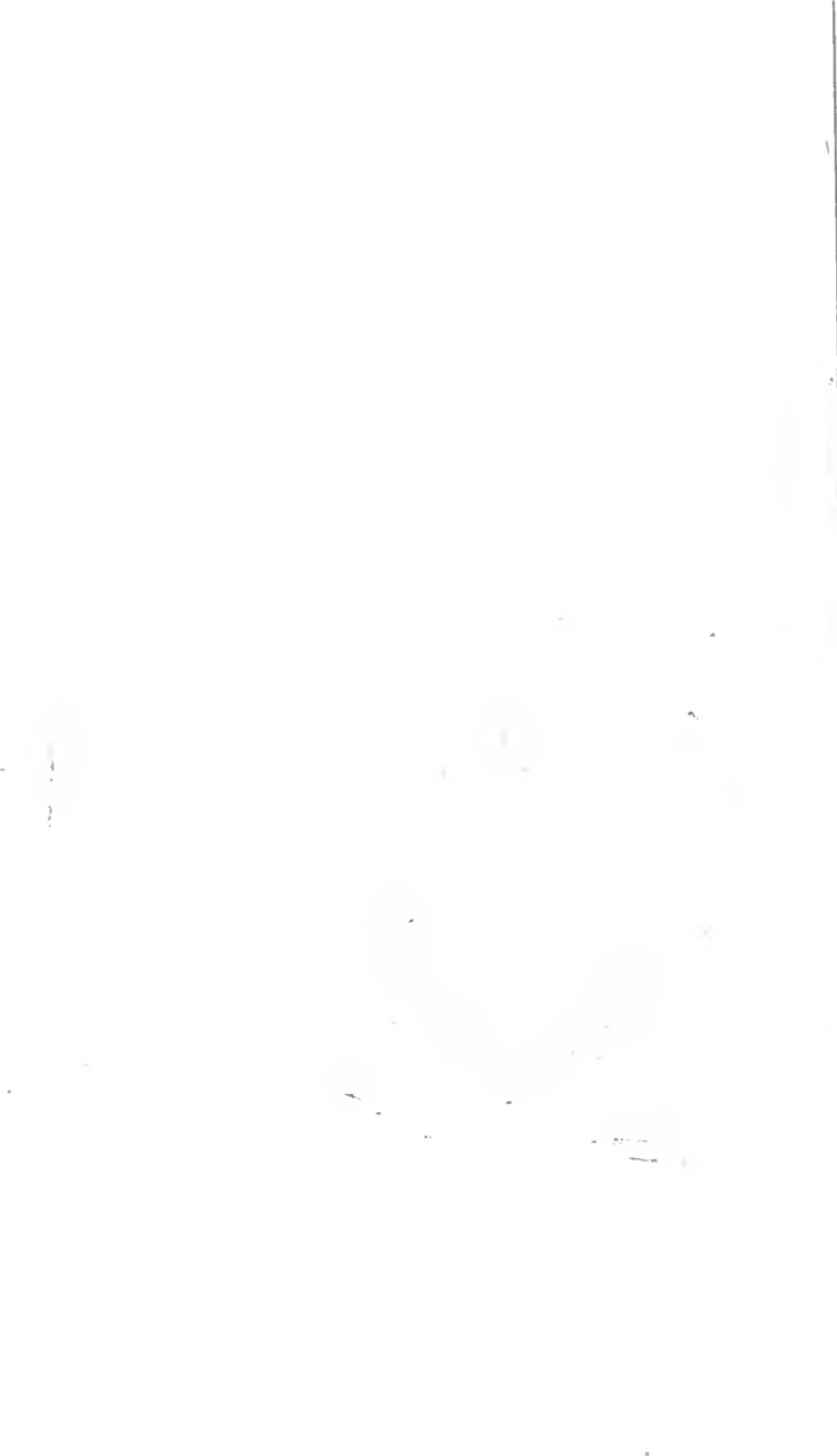
PART III.

We saw in our dream that the Pilgrim progressed in his journey till he came to where there was a vast assemblage of people, and considerable excitement amongst them. This proved to be what was called an Election for members to sit in the House of Parliament in the City of Plunder. Two parties, the *Ins* and the *Outs*, were keenly contesting the town. Both made feeling appeals to the inhabitants, professed a zealous regard for their best interests, and both were sure of success. As soon as it became generally known that *Radical* had made his appearance in the town, he was waited upon by the respective candidates for his vote and interest. The parties were decked out with ribbons; blue was the colour of the *Ins*, who commonly went under the denomination of *Liberals*; and buff that of the *Outs*, who were known by the term *Tory*, or *Conservative*.

Ins.—Oh, my good friend *Radical*, how are you? glad to see you; hope *Mrs. Radical* and all the young *Radicals* are Radically sound in wind and limb. Piping times these, my buck. Devilish troublesome gentry these old pimpled-nosed, corrupt, jobbing, vagabondish, Tories. We know you hate these fellows, my little hearty, and that you will support *liberal* measures and *liberal* men. Shall we have the honour of your vote and interest for *Mr. Scapegrace*, our member? He is a right true fellow, we'll warrant him.



EQUAL REPRESENTATION.



Radical.—I have a great load of taxes on my back, as you may see ; my wife and children are in rags in consequence of its weight. Now, will you lighten my load considerably, or take it off my back altogether ? If you will do this, I will give you all the support I can.

Ins.—Why, my dear Sir, you must know that taxes are necessary things in all states. No doubt they press upon the resources of this great empire, and depress capital ; but still they are a necessary evil. Our party intend to make great changes in taxation. If the burden presses too heavy upon your *right* shoulder, they will shift it more towards the *left* ; and this you will find a great comfort indeed. As to taking off the load altogether, why, my dear Sir, it would prove a dangerous thing indeed, to change the channels of so much capital.

Radical.—I do not comprehend what you mean by *capital* and *resources* ; but what I want is the load off my back ; and if a man will not promise to ease me of it, I will never give him a vote.

The party now left the Pilgrim, and the *Outs* made their advances for his vote and interest.

Outs.—Good morning, *Radical.* we wait upon you to solicit your vote for our glorious Constitution of Church and State. These vile Whigs, with their endless commissions, and liberal measures, promise soon not to leave a single stone of the venerable fabric of our National Temple standing upon another. We beg to introduce *Mr. Bellweather* to your notice, as a Conservative from his very birth, and true and sound in doctrine to the back bone-

Radical.—Will you vote to take the load off my shoulders ? If you will do that I will give you my vote, without asking any questions about this curious fabric of the Constitution you talk about.

Outs.—We would be glad to gratify you in this particular, only we are convinced that the load is a great benefit to you. You would feel very awkward and uneasy without it. Your constitu-

tion has accommodated itself to your burthen, and your burthen to it. We could easily demonstrate to you how it tends to keep your body in good order ; without it you would run all to grease in a month, grow nervous, and die of melancholy.

Radical.—I will not keep you waiting. My mind is made up. If you will not ease me of my load, then I shall have nothing to say to you.

Now, we saw in our dream, that the Pilgrim and his family left this scene of contention, and espied on their journey a guide post at a short distance, on which were inscribed the words, “direct road to the Delectable Mountains.” He and his wife and children then turned into this narrow lane, which became very rugged and precipitous as they advanced. As he moved upwards, however, the prospect became delightful; he saw beautiful gardens, orchards, vineyards, and cooling fountains of water, there were also Shepherds there to give relief and counsel to strangers and way-faring men. The names of these Shepherds were *Knowledge*, *Experience*, *Watchful*, and *Prudence*, and they took *Radical* and his wife and children, and treated them with great kindness and hospitality. In the morning the Pilgrim was taken out by the Shepherd to be indulged with a distant view of the City of Reform, which he distinctly saw, though at a great distance. The Shepherds then took *Radical* to a more distant part of these mountains, and bid him look over the awfully precipitous and rugged rocks. This was denominated the Hill of *Error*; and at its base were to be seen an immense number of bones and skulls of men who had fallen over the rocks, and dashed to pieces. The Guides then took the Pilgrim to an opposite part of the Mountains, to a Hill called *Caution*; and from it they discerned a number of men walking amongst tombs, who seemed to be blind. These men stumbled into a narrow path that led to the grounds of the Castle of Despair, were seized by the three Despots, who put out their eyes, and sent them here to wander,

during the remaining part of their life, amongst the remains of the dead.

After taking some refreshment, the whole party set out again to see the grand monument upon the top of the Mountains, made of the finest marble, and which contained the names of a great number of the most illustrious individuals who had travelled to the City of Reform. Amongst the vast multitude of these worthies, *i adical* distinctly read the names of Alfred the Great, Egbert, Sir William Gascoigne, Fortesque, Coke, Bacon, Hale, Sir Thomas More, Hampden, Pym, Sydney, Locke, Harrington, Marvell, Shippen, Hollis, Milton, Vane, Fairfax, Prynne, Selden, Bolingbroke, Chatham, Tooke, Paine, Cobbett, and Cartwright.

After this, we thought we saw the Shepherds take the Pilgrim to a side of a mountain, in which was a door. It was opened—the most hideous cries of wickedness and woe issued out of it. Pilgrim inquired what this meant; and was informed it was the place of punishment for perfidious, and cruel tyrants, who trampled upon the liberties of the people, and reduced them to beggary and want.

The Shepherds then took the Pilgrim to another part of the mountains on which a splendid temple had been built. In the building were to be seen all the ancient records respecting the City of Reform. Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, were both framed in gold. Here were all the most famous works of the Constitutional Lawyers, beautifully bound; so that by the reading of these valuable and precious books, *Radical* would obtain really useful knowledge, and be able to see the whole frame work of the law, that was acknowledged in the famous City of Reform, to which he was travelling. When these curiosities had been all examined, the Shepherds then took *Radical* into the *armoury*, which contained specimens of the weapons which all true Pilgrims should have, when they set out on their journey. These weapons were divided into two kinds, *physical* and *moral*; but the Shepherds

convinced the Pilgrim, that the latter kind were not of the slightest use without the former. The *physical* weapons were guns, pistols, cannon, bayonets, pikes, &c., which the law of the City of Reform compelled every citizen to have in his possession, to defend his country and his rights from ruthless invasion. The *moral* armoury consisted of the breastplate of truth, the helmet of zeal, the shield of prudence, the sword of knowledge, and the shoes of perseverance, that never wear out.

Now, we saw that when these kind Shepherds had shown the Pilgrim every thing worthy of notice on the *Delectable Mountains*, *Radical* prepared himself for the further prosecution of his journey. The hospitable guides furnished him and his wife and children, with many necessary articles for their future comfort; and, in particular, gave the Pilgrim some very good advice. They furnished him with a plan of his journey, cautioned him against the seductive wiles of the flatterer, in the enchanted grounds; and, finally, bade him a good journey.

When the Pilgrim had reached the bottom of the mountains, he came to a tall column, which bore the inscription, "The column of Reform." On inquiry, it was found that this pillar was raised by a zealous Pilgrim of noble birth, who came as far as the *Delectable Mountains*, on his way to the City of Reform; but from the steep ascent of these mountains, he would not go up, but brought many artificers from the City of Plunder to build a column, from the top of which the City of Reform might be discerned; and by this expedient the labour of ascending the mountains would be avoided. But after this structure was erected, it was found of no earthly use whatever, for no Pilgrim could see the happy city from its top. This failure prayed so intensely upon the mind of its noble projector, that he grew faint hearted, said he was troubled with "a great pressure from without," and that he would go no further towards the City of Reform. When this became known, the scouts of the *Castle of Des-*

pair laid hands upon him, and carried him to the Despots of that ignominious establishment.

Now, we saw in our dream, that the Political Pilgrim and his family came near to the town of *Love-gain*, situate in the County of *Covetousness*. This town was nearly encircled with hills, called by the people the hills of *Lucre*; and as they were journeying through it, they overtook three men who said they were on their way to the City of Reform; but they did not like to travel so fast as some people did. Their names were *Hold-the-world*, *Money-love*, and *Save-all*. They had all been educated at a great public school in that neighbourhood, kept by a Mr *Gripe'em*, who was admirably skilled to the science of getting money by violence, cunning, flattery, lying, sneaking, putting on the outward form of religion, and pretending to an intense love of the public weal. These travellers went at a snail's pace, and earnestly counselled *Radical* not to travel so quickly; but the Pilgrim heeded them not, but went on his way, repeating the following lines:—

Though to another land I go,
Yet hope shall keep my spirit warm;
Through summer's heat, through winter's snow,
My courage aid, my fears disarm.

What is to come—let fortune tell;
The sorrows I have left—I know,

And feel that I have left them well,
Though to another land I go.

Though to another land I go,
They widely err who say I roam,
The bondsman hath no country. No;
The free alone possess a home.

He who would have the heav'ns to smile,
Must leave or lay his tyrants low;
And this shall be my stay the while,
Though to another land I go.

Though to another land I go.
Why should my bosom heavy be;
When, sweeter than the roses blow,
Love and contentment go with me?

When those I love the best, I see,
As I would ever have them shew,
Why should I fail to share their glee,
Though to another land I go?

When Pilgrim had departed from the City of *Love-gain*, he came into a beautiful and extended plain, and at the further end of it stood a huge and strange monument. It was dark, tedious, and gloomy, in the extreme. At the top of it there were the representations of two human faces, but of the most hellish aspect. The column was engraved all over with various emblems of crime and wickedness, and near its base were inscribed in large iron letters. "To perpetuate the infamy of the Marcus, and Peter Thimble school of Politics, whose writings have outraged decency, common sense, and humanity." This monument excited a deep interest in the minds of *Radical* and his family, and as they left it, they congratulated themselves that they had grace to shun all such wicked and unnatural counsels.

After the traversing of this plain, the roads to the happy city lay through a very narrow, dark, and repulsive looking valley, called the *Valley of Humiliation*. At the entrance to it *Radical* met a man, who said his name was *Discontent*; that he had come so far on his road to the City of Reform; but that he was fully bent in going no further, for he did not like to go through this *Valley of Humiliation*.

Radical.—Why do you object to go through this valley?

Discontent.—My principal reason is, that I shall disoblige all my near and kind friends, as *Mr Pride*, *Mr Arrogance*, *Mr Self-Conceit*, *Mr Worldly-Glory*, *Mr Fashion*, and many others of great respectability who would incessantly revile and ridicule me for making such a fool of myself, as to go through this disagreeable valley.

Radical.—What need you regard the opinion of these men? I have long renounced all connection with them; and I feel myself not the less happy and comfortable on that account.

Discontent.—I begin to consider things differently from what I did. I think that patriotism is a low, sneaking, pitiful business; and that the bold hectoring tone about public liberty, and such like, brings upon a man the ridicule of all around him. We never see any of the rich, and mighty, and wise, follow this way of life. Nothing but low, base, ill-bred people, make a noise about the public good.

Radical.—Well, this may be your opinion now, but I shall not be driven from my purpose. I shall enter into the Valley, and I hope I shall come out triumphant.

Now we saw that *Radical* and his wife and children, had dreadful conflicts to encounter in passing through this valley. Many a time and oft were he and his family threatened with utter extermination. At length he reached the end, and was cheered by the reflections of self-respect that he had so boldly withstood all the trials and temptations that were thrown in his path.

Here *Radical* was suddenly intercepted by two men who almost ran against him, at a sharp turn of the road. One was dressed in a blue surtout and white hat, and looked like a half-pay colonel; the other was a little, fat, red-faced, bald-headed, man, in a snuff-coloured coat, and looked like a manufacturer. The colonel carried a little penny loaf stuck on the end of his cane, and a Corn Law Catechism in his hand; his name was *Colonel Windmill*, and the name of the little man was *Mr. Will-o'-wisp*. They got hold of *Radical* by the arm, and the following somewhat obstreperous and odd dialogue ensued.

Windmill.—Hilloa! *Radical*, where the devil are you going to at that rate, singing ditties all the way? We heard your song well enough—don't, now, be in too great a haste.

Will-o'-wisp.—Haste! We've got something to please you—no need to go a step further now!

Radical.—Really, gentlemen, I am glad to hear it. What is it?

Windmill.—Do you see that penny cake on the top of my cane?

Radical.—It's so small I can hardly see it, Sir!

Windmill.—That's it. I mean to make it into one as large as your head in the twinkling of a bed-post. What do you think of that, my hearty? Ha! ha! ha! No complaint after that I should guess! eh?

Will-o'-wisp.—Ha! ha! ha! No physical force after that—eh?

Radical.—Really, gentlemen, I hardly understand you! A large loaf for a penny is better than an invisible muffin; but how is the flour to be got to make it?

Windmill.—Got? Ha! ha! ha! You're not up to that quite—eh? We mean to offer a large bounty for cheap flour, my boy.

Will-o'-wisp.—That's it, my hearty!

Radical.—A bounty for cheap flour! What? if a man offers me flour for three shillings, am I to offer him a bounty of two shillings to let me have it for eighteen pence?

Windmill.—Pah! Don't peddle amongst figures; figures are inconvenient, misleading things.

Radical.—But, gentlemen, I want to know where the bounty money is to come from?

Windmill.—Psha! Never mind that, so that we get it!

Radical.—Truly, gentlemen, I must go on my journey; a large loaf bought with a bounty won't ease me of my burthen.

Windmill.—You will never feel it after, 'pon my honour.

Will-o'-wisp.—You never will, 'pon our honour!

Radical.—That won't do! No, no, Sirs, I know better than that, and so now I wish you good morning.

Radical then went on his way—the two muttering “Pertinacious ignorance!” and “Deplorable want of educational illumination!” *Radical* heard this; he, however, took no notice, but went on, singing as before.

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THE CANADIAN DWARF AND MOUNTEBANKS.

THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART IV.

We saw that after Pilgrim had left this part of the country he came to the town of *Economy*, situate in the county of *Delusion*. This town was famous for its political exhibitions ; for during the whole year there were always some jugglers, rope dancers, mountebanks, fortune-tellers, and caravans full of wild and curious beasts. On the day *Radical* and his family entered the town, there was a mortal rivalry between two establishments. The one had a splendid caravan, in which, amongst other things, there was a yellow Canadian dwarf ; and the other had a company of prize fighters and fire eaters, under the direction of one Slashing Harry, well known in that part of the country as a first-rate vomiter forth of fire and smoke. This fierce contest engrossed the undivided attention of the whole town ; and nothing was talked about but the respective merits of the two sets of showmen.

The master of the caravan, in which was the Canadian dwarf, was particularly zealous and noisy. He dwelt with extatic raptures on the merits of his establishment. The dwarf had cost a great deal of money, for he was not like his tribe in general, he required nice and expensive keeping. The master descanted also upon the incomparable curiosity

combined in his own person ; that he was double jointed ; that his skin was all scaly, like as if studded with black diamonds ; and that he had all the assumed dignity of a man of full stature. He also endeavours to amuse the company with a brief narrative of his wonderful travels, particularly in a country called *Canada*, where he accomplished very surprising things, such as journeying along the banks of a great river there, looking at himself in some splendid mirrors, bought for the express purpose, and issuing forth proclamations which no one would heed nor comprehend. The showman then enumerated the other rare animals he had in his menagerie ; but particularly dwelt upon his stock of reptiles, which were the most splendid ever collected under one roof. He had the hissing serpent, the salamander that eats fire, and the repulsive double-hooded snake, only found in the dark places of the earth, full of horrid cruelty. Here was, in fact, a complete Noah's Ark upon a limited scale ; every thing rare and curious from the heavens above and the earth beneath.

Harry, the Harlequin, we saw, was equally zealous for his own interest. He succeeded, in some measure, in drowning the pretensions of his rival, by his loud and obstreporous manner. He maintained that his *corps dramatique* were the most renowned in Europe. He had fools and buffoons, and jugglers, and fire eaters, and mountebanks, and quacks, and fortune-tellers, and rope dancers, and diviners, and enchanters, and southsayers, and sorcerers, and necromancers, and pantomimic actors, of the very first-rate genius ; and the minor parts of his incomparable establishment would be found equally excellent and perfect. As to the Canadian dwarf, he was all humbug together ; a regular pig in a poke ; and his travels were not worth a cobbler's curse. Harry the Harlequin, then showed the people how he could eat fire, and vomit smoke, in long, thick, and spiral columns. He then produced his specimen of the impoverishing effects of

slavery, by exhibiting his half-starved and cruelly-worked negro upon the stage. This was received with loud acclamations by the bystanders, and his establishment was filled to the brim with the idle and the curious.

We saw in our dream that Pilgrim went down a very pleasant valley, where he overtook a man apparently going in the same direction as himself. His name was *Mr. Pedantry*, a great man for educating mankind, and who had a great desire to see the City of Reform. He and *Radical* entered warmly into conversation ; and the day proving very hot and sultry, they sat down by a fine spring of water, to enjoy a mutual interchange of opinion and sentiment.

Pedantry.—I think you will agree with me, my friend, that every national system of amelioration ought to be based on a systematical and comprehensive plan of intellectual cultivation. Ignorance is the *primum mobile* of the vicious principle ; and while it is allowed to flourish in unbrageous revelry, the more elevated and refined principles of the inner man cannot be allowed sufficient scope for their determinate action.

Radical.—Knowledge is good for all purposes, and conditions of life. It is of great use for a man like myself, with a wife and family, to know how I may feed, clothe, and instruct them properly.

Pedantry.—True, my good Sir ; but still you must give the preponderating influence to the intellectuality of the scheme, and not be solely guided in your standard of value by the grosser ingredients of mere matter. How ravishing and extatic to roam unfettered over the vast and boundless regions of mental invention.

Radical.—No doubt it must be very delightful for those who have time and leisure for such contemplations ; but knowledge and talent are no more intended by Providence to be universal, than riches and honours. What I want is sufficient remuneration for my labour, which will enable me to attend

to my family, and have a little leisure to reflect upon the great objects of a social being's destiny both as regards time and eternity.

Pedantry.—Very good, my friend, as far as it goes; but to dwell upon the sublimities of science ought to be the grand object of every Pilgrim to the City of Reform. You could not relish the social inter-communications of refined civilization, except by a comprehensive expansion of mentality.

Radical.—I should vastly approve of my own, and my wife and children's stomachs being expanded with plenty of good victuals first. My notions of education and knowledge have an intimate sympathy with my back and belly.

Pedantry.—This I consider a lamentable feature of the times. The sensual appetency preponderates over the intellectual energies; and thus a material idiocracy is produced. You will never be able to appreciate the excellencies of legislative sagacity, without you throw off the lethargic influence of the bodily frame. You are perhaps, unacquainted with the mysteries of gravitation?

Radical.—I know a little of that subject. I know that a good piece of English roast beef drops very pleasantly into one's stomach, when one can catch such a dainty.

Pedantry.—You misunderstand me. I allude to the principle of gravitation in a vacuum.

Radical.—So do I. In the vacuum of starvation the beef drops gratefully to the bottom.

Pedantry.—You are all body together, and no mind. The sensorial system is too conspicuously developed; and a gentle titillation of the *mucus membrane* leads you into the mazes of political error. I must leave you to your gross and material propensities.

Now we saw that *Pedantry* and the Pilgrim separated, and the latter, with his wife and family, went up a hill, in the middle of which the party overtook two men, apparently travelling very slowly towards the City of Reform. Their names

were *Temporary* and *Expediency*. They seemed very happy and plausable kind of persons, and of a free and easy disposition. They entered into conversation with *Radical*, and endeavoured to persuade him not to travel so quickly, for they had discovered a shorter rout to the City, and Pilgrims might safely indulge themselves with more leisure in prosecuting their journeys. They had their pockets all stuffed with papers, containing plans for different ways to arrive at that immortal City, than that which had long been established. Pilgrim, however, did not think it prudent to delay his journey, by stopping to examine all those voluminous details ; but quietly bade the two men a good morning ; and with great glee struck up the following lines :—

There's strength within the arm;

Within the feet there's speed;

-There's courage in the heart

To dare a warlike deed,

The sword is on the thigh :

The helmet on the head :

Just God is up on high ;

Then what is there to dread ?

When Honesty's the guide,

There's cheer for the oppres't;

There's firmness in the eye

When virtue's in the breast ;

The blade to quit the sheath

For Freedom need not fear ;

For when she asks for aid,

There's one above to hear

Be peril in the path ;

Be death upon the way ;

When liberty's the prize,

What to the brave are they ?

The steel is in my hand ;

Before me is my foe ;

And for freedom, God himself

Shall help to strike the blow.

As the Pilgrim advanced in his journey he came to a large house, in which resided an opulent mer-

chant, who carried on his business in the City of Plunder. His name was *Mr. Staytape*, and he manufactured buckram to a great extent. This kind of profession was a great favourite with many of the philosophic politicians in the City of Plunder, so much so that several of the more profound and sanguine of these speculative men entertained lively hopes that the whole of the inhabitants of the city would be learned in time to live entirely upon cotton fuz which blew off as mere waste in the manufacture of this staple commodity. The cultivation of the soil and the rearing of cattle were considered as low, grovelling, and profitless pursuits, totally unworthy a liberal people, panting after the renovation of their social system. It was one of the leading tenets of this new philosophy that until the people really get themselves properly accustomed to the daily use of the fuz, they might be partially fed with the grosser articles of grain and flesh from other neighbouring countries, and this would enable the whole of the City of Plunder to become an immense workshop for such articles of buckram as other countries might fancy to take. These deep subjects engrossed the undivided attention of the learned, and universities were founded, and professors appointed, to shed this new light over the dark and benighted huts of the land.

Mr. Staytape had extensive workshops not far distant from his house. Here were employed an immense number of the people of both sexes, and of all ages ; and as Pilgrim looked through the works, he felt deeply sorrowful for the miserable condition of these unfortunate persons. The whole building groaned under the yoke of outraged humanity ; and one race of human beings after another were hurried off the stage of life, in the noon tide of their existence, to administer to the wants and luxuries of *Mr. Staytape's* family. But lie was considered a good kind of man for all this. *Mr. Staytape* attended all public meetings for the "amelioration of the species," and the advancement of "universal

philanthropy ; gave handsome donations to all places of religious devotion ; and was President of the societies for the " suppression of vice," for "repressing cruelties to animals," and "for administering relief to the houseless poor."

We saw that *Radical* gave but a passing glance at these strange scenes ; for his mind was intently bent on pursuing his journey with all possible alacrity and speed. He approached a neat cottage by the way side, kept by one *Mr. Good-heart*, who kindly gave him and his family some good beef and beer to relieve their pressing hunger. As the Pilgrim went forward he overtook a weak and feeble-looking person, who said he was going to the City of Reform, and that his name was *Moral-force*. On a near approach, *Radical* found him an emasculated person, with down instead of hair for his beard, his eyes full of tears, and a shrill and feeble voice like a child's. *Radical* wished to have a little talk with him.

Radical.—Are you going to the City of Reform ?
Moral-force.—Yes, I am.

Radical.—You seem but ill provided for such a long, tedious, and dangerous journey.

Moral-force.—I hope to make my way amongst the intelligent and educated, by dint of soft persuasion, and a copious flow of tender tears.

Radical.—I am afraid you are relying on a broken reed.

Moral-force.—I think otherwise. But, pray, what is that long thing you are carrying in your hand ?

Radical.—That is a musket and bayonet given to me by the good Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains, who said I was not to use it but when severely pressed for life and limb. Look at it ; it is in capital order.

Moral-force.—No, thank you ; I cannot endure brute force. My weapons are those of reason, and not gunpowder and lead. Pray keep the muzzle of the gun from me, for I am afraid it goes off ; do keep it away !

Radical.—There is no danger ; but, look ! do you see yon horrid thing who is making his way towards us, with rapid and impatient strides ?

Moral-force.—Yes, I do ; who can it be ?

Radical.—It is, I verily, believe the fell fiend,

Political Apollyon, the patron of corruption and tyranny, and the owner of the whole City of Plunder. Now be firm!

Here *Political Apollyon* made his appearance to *Radical* and *Moral-force*. He was hideous to behold. He had wings like a dragon, scales like a fish, was full of running sores, and fire and brimstone came out of his mouth. He began in the most anthonitutive air to question the Pilgrims.

Apollyon.—From whence come you, and whither are you going?

Radical.—I have come from the City of Plunder, and I am going to the City of Reform.

Apollyon.—You are all my subjects, and have left my dominions without my consent.

Radical.—True, I was born in your City; but you were a severe task-master; your wages were toil and starvation; and you considered us made for no higher purpose than to administer to your wants and pleasures. I came, therefore, to the determination to leave your service, and seek out a better country.

On hearing this plain and determined speech of *Radical*, the monster *Apollyon* seemed convulsed with a sudden fit of inexpressible rage and vengeance. His eyes shot forth livid fire—from his mouth issued a thin suffocating smoke for breath—upon his chin were long scattered bristles having the semblance of a beard, and these appeared instinct with actual life as he ground his teeth together, and coiled and twisted themselves like snakes. At this terrible apparition the woman and children were terribly alarmed, and fell down on their knees to pray for the father and husband. They also besought *Moral-force* to interfere, and, if possible, still the wrath of the horrid monster who stood bent on bloody work. *Moral-force*, however, slunk behind, and seemed in as great a state of trepidation as the rest. *Radical*, however, still stood firm, deliberately cocking the musket with which the Shepherds had furnished him, and imagining that the sight of it would cool his antagonist, but in this he was disappointed—as appeared in the sequel.

On seeing his firmness, the monster expanded and then contracted his wings two or three times with a great noise, like that made by the sails of a

windmill in a sudden tempest, and prepared to draw a huge crooked scymeter that hung by his side. In doing this *Radical* had presence of mind to observe that the substance of his wings appeared to consist of layers, like huge feathers, composed of a thin paper-like substance, mottled with black marks of irregular forms like the *black* letter of an old Bible or statute, such as ~~FIVE~~—~~THE~~, and so on ; and as he twisted his limbs, he saw layers of the same substance under the scales of his skin-like armour.— Seeing the monster draw his sword, he at once pointed his musket, when the other, making a wonderful bound up from the ground, exclaimed— “ Nay, then, wretch, perdition be upon thee,” and half flew and half ran right at *Radical*, hoping to cleave him to the chin at the first stroke. *Radical*, however, was too nimble for him, and by a rapid leap aside let him pass, which he did, giving *Moral-force* a severe wound with the sweep of his weapon, and almost crushing the children, who ran screaming with affright.

This sight roused *Radical*, who being unused either to fire-arms or such encounters, was naturally in great perturbation, and taking the best aim he could, he fired at the monster. Had *Radical* been a good marksman, the battle would have been ended by that shot, aimed as it was at the monster's back, which was unarmed and defenceless ; but being unused to fire arms, he missed the fiend altogether, shooting through one of his expanded wings, from which the shot dislodged an immense quantity of the paper plumage which fell around like leaves in autumn. The monster's movements were evidently disconcerted by this. He attempted to bound as before, but failed as a fowl does when one wing is clipped. His vengeance, however, seemed increased, and with horrid imprecations and curses, blaspheming Christ, his Apostles and Saints, and calling on Lucifer for aid, he again made at *Radical* with his falchion in one hand and a shield in the other, on which appeared in strange characters the motto **LEGAL TENDER**—which *Radical* took to be magical or cabalistical characters. The screams and prayers of the women and children were now terrific, for they believed that of a verity *Radical*'s last hour was come, and he himself put up a short

prayer to Heaven to support him through the worst. He, however, stood firm, and warding with his discharged gun the blow aimed at his head, he, with the sword which the Shepherds had recommended to him, which was so bright, it shone like a mirror, dealt so well aimed a blow at the shield, that he fairly split it in two—when it appearad to be stufed with the same paper-like substance, which also composed the wings of the monster—and the mon-ster gave back, slightly wonnded in the arm.

On seeing this the children took heart, and the eldest boy shouted out “father, the villain is turning very white, take courage and we shall win;”—and on this he came to his father's side with a huge branch of a tree he had found, determined, if he could, to entangle the monster's heels, and this he did so successfully, that Radical easily avoided a heavy blow aimed at him by the fiend, who had now taken his sword in both hands, and seizing the opportunity gave him such a back-handed cut across the loins, that he pierc'd clean th ough the monster's armour, and not only drew blood, but strewed the ground with an enormous number of the same paper-looking leaves, some of which had inscribed STOCK, others EXCHEQUER BILLS, and others SAVING SCRIP. On feeling this dreadful blow, the monster gave a dispairing howl so shockingly discordant, and issued so fetid a stench, that the very birds fell down, and Radical was well nigh suffocated with it. The brute, however, would wait no further combat, but seizing Moral-force as in a last effort of revenge, dashed his head against the ground and then fled, uttering shocking blasphemies in some unknown tongue, taking an eastward course in his flight.

Great were now the congratulations of Radical and his wife and children, and heartily grateful were they that they had taken the weapons offered by the good Shepherds. Radical endeavoured to revive poor Moral-force, but it was lost labour, the fiend's last dreadful blow having evidently scattered some of the brain upon the ground. Radical, therefore, putting up his sword and re-loading his musket, went on his way, proceeding very carefully for fear of a surprise by the horrid monsther at some other turn of the road.



SCENE AT VANITY FAIR.

THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART V.

Now, we saw in our dream, that *Radical* had to go through a long and dreary wilderness, and at its termination there stood a very large and populous town called *Vanity*; at which there was a fair held every day in the year; and from this cause, the town went generally under the name of *Vanity-fair*. All Pilgrims to the City of Reform had to go through this fair; and the records of the place show, that many thousands of Pilgrims have, from time to time, perished amidst the trials and indulgences of this renowned city. The place is very ancient, so much so, that the precise time of its foundation cannot be settled by the most profound and accurate antiquarians. The city is, however, tributary to the City of Plunder; and is supported out of the revenues of that town. General history and tradition affirm that many thousands of years ago, Beelzebub, and his two archangels, Tyranny and Corruption, laid the foundation of this notorious city, for the express purpose of way-laying Pilgrims to the City of Reform, against the interests of which, they always manifested the most deadly and revengeful hatred. The city was laid out in the most artful manner to seduce and bewilder the minds of unwary and simple men; and contained

a vast number of persons engaged in public amusements and traffic. Here every thing was to be found which could gratify the senses, and captivate the fancy.

When *Radical* had arrived within the gates of the city, he was delighted to find his former kind friend *Common-sense*, who had come here to discharge one of his public duties, namely, to guide Pilgrims through the intricate labyrinths of this town. This meeting was the most provident thing that could have happened for poor *Radical*, and his wife and children, who were deeply impressed with the idea that they would never find out the right road in this crowded place. *Common-sense* admonished the Pilgrim to rely with implicit confidence on him ; to go with him whithersoever he went ; and to conduct himself in all respects as he wished and desired. *Radical* promised complete submission. *Common-sense* then said he would show him through a great part of this city, for he knew every hole and corner of it ; and he was wishful to let him see the extent of this snare set in his way, in order that his pleasures might be increased when he had escaped from it.

Now, we saw, that after these introductory admonitions had been given, *Common-sense* took the Pilgrim and his family into a large open square, where there was a vast crowd of persons, and a man was handing round to eager applicants several things considered of inestimable value in this place, such as honorary offices, knighthoods, dukedoms, earldoms, marquisites, baronetcies, privileges, quarterings, heraldic titles, escutcheons, coats of arms, orders, crests, crosses, decorations, emblems, stars, ribbons, garters, devices, mottos, guards, offices, salaries, commissionerships, honours, titles, governorships, clerical benefices, pluralities, prebendaries, royal grants, &c. &c. The anxiety to obtain these fine things was the most intense imaginable. *Common-sense* then showed *Radical* the plan of the *City of Vanity-fair*. It had a great many streets,

but they all terminated in this spacious centre ; like the spokes of a wheel in the nave. The principal of these streets were, *Corruption-street*, *Guzzle-row*, *Scientific-place*, *Bribery-street*, *Usury-terrace*, *Courtly-circus*, *Quach-quadrant*, *Paperkite-buildings*, and *Prostitute-alley*.

Common-sense intimated to *Radical* that he would take him through these places, and let him see what they contained ; taking care, at the same time, to remind him of the injunctions he had previously laid upon him, to be cautious and circumspect in all his words, thoughts, and actions.

When the Pilgrim had left this street or circus, *Common-sense* took him to *Guzzle-row*, a noted part of the city, frequented by all keen and successful politicians belonging to the City of Plunder. Here are a vast variety of houses of entertainment for political thieves, burglars, adventurers, and pick-pockets, who have an unconquerable aversion to working honestly for their daily bread. They are busily intent upon gratifying their bodily senses, having plenty of victuals, strong liquors, lewd women, and being completely masters of their own time. The landlords, as they are called, entertain them with the most pernicious and destructive drinks, which charm the indolent, makes the starving and half-famished sot view his rags and nakedness with stupid indifference, and drivles away his time in senseless laughter and dull jokes. His daily beverage sets his brain on fire, burns up his entrails, drowns his cares, makes him indifferent to the cries of his children for food, their shivering colds, and empty home ; and finally, brings upon him loss of appetite, fevers, jaundice, consumption, palsies, diseased liver, dropsies, and death. It is from these establishments that a great deal of the revenues of the City of Plunder are derived ; and the proprietors of them have a license from the ruling powers there to sell, "wholesale and retail," this Stygian comfort to the people. Here Pilgrim had to witness all the filthy actions, and hear the vile lan-

guage of nasty drabs, and the lowest hell-rakes ; and be also subjected to all the stench, and squalour, and noise, and impertinence, and vulgar ribaldry, from the most shameless and abandoned of mankind.

Common-sense then conducted the Pilgrim to *Courtly-circus*, where wealth, fashion, and political intrigue resided. The residents here were all worldly minded, ambitious, and voluptuous, but entirely devoid of merit. Their great aim is to obtain specious palaces, delicious gardens, fine horses, magnificent coaches, splendid furniture, beautiful women, well filled cellars, tables covered with all manner of dainties, judicious cooks, fine music, servants in splendid liveries, who are to show nimbleness without hurry, dispatch without noise, and the most perfect and slavish attention to orders. The residents here, to fill up their vacant time, have numerous blacklegs, bawds, gamblers, pick-pockets, and blackguards of all kinds and degrees. *Common-sense* then pointed out, as a resident in this street, a personage who goes under the designation of a *man of honour*. He considers himself different from other men, as possessing a *principle* and rule of action which the vulgar herd have not. This distinguished principle is like the gout, hereditary in his family ; and all his children are born with it.— It is greatly strengthened by reading and conversation of a certain description. A man of honour must live up to the rules and maxims of honour, which are a set of laws he must think, and talk, and act by. Here he must be very conscientious, and always pretend to preface the public good to his own. He must not tell lies, nor openly defraud, nor insult, nor put up with an affront, except under very particular and special circumstances. He is always considered the pink of impartiality, and, of course, a man of sense ; for it would be little short of a contradiction of terms to say that a man of honour was a fool. There is, however, a certain latitude allowed him. He may

bilk his creditor, he may keep a mistress or a bawd, he may sponge about on society at large ; but still his *honour* is not violated. He must always be judge in his own case ; and if any injury should be done to himself, his friend, his servant, his horse, his dog, or any thing which enjoys his honourable protection, he must have the satisfaction of a gentleman, or man of honour. Pilgrim was now informed by his guide of another class of persons who resided a good deal about this *Courtly-circus* ; these were gentlemen soldiers. They are made familiar with the engines of death and destruction, with the shouts of victory, and the groans of the dying and dead. These men are often dressed in the most ridiculous manner. Coarse cloth, dyed a scarlet or red colour, ornamented with bits of things in imitation of gold and silver lace, with a fantastic cap, ornamented with red and white cock feathers. A piece of calf's skin is placed over some of their staves of wood, to make a noise, and at the sound of this he marches to perform many ridiculous tricks ; and be placed under the drill of Serjeant Kite, who raps him over the knuckles with a gold-headed cane for awkwardness. Along with the gentlemen soldiers *Radical* was shewn the gentlemen parsons. These were very dandily dressed gentry in black, who swore they were "successors of the Apostles" and were "called by the Holy Ghost to the cure of souls." Many of them had cures of souls in various parts of the country, where they seldom ever went, but employed poor journeymen soul-curers to do their work for them, whilst they feasted in the City of Plunder ! They were excellent at a pious game called *Whist*, by which they sometimes got large sums of money from the gentlemen soldiers and others ; and besides the Scriptures, were well read in a publication called the *Racing Calendar*, and also a thing called *old port wine*, for which they seemed to have a religious veneration. Though their office was to destroy the trade of the gentlemen soldiers, which they professed to hold in

abhorrence, they were the best friends in the world ; and if *Radical* had been cut down by the men in red, the men in black would have put up a thanksgiving for this "glorious victory!"

After the Pilgrim had left this street, *Common-sense* took him into another called *Scientific-place*, a most splendid and imposing part of this vast city, so far as outward appearances go. Here were assembled all the philosophers, poets, historians, men of letters, antiquarians, astronomers, geologists, periodical writers, newspaper editors, and the whole race who live by their pens and their wits, and whose names are to be handed down to future ages.—Pilgrim's first impression was, that these splendid houses were all the property of the different literary crafts who resided in them ; but *Common-sense* undeceived him on this point, and told him that these men had generally no property of their own, but were fed and kept by other rich individuals for particular purposes who lived in the City of Plunder. "Indeed," said *Common-sense*, "to convince you of this, we shall go into this splendid house and see its various inmates." Here they rang a bell, and a dirty, sooty, old woman, blind of an eye, and with a broken nose, opened the door. They were shewn into a room, on the door of which was painted, in white letters, James Foolscap, Esq., L.L.D., F.R.S., M.R.S.A., M.W.S., &c. The party found Dr. Foolscap in this room writing, with a wife and four young children. There was scarcely any furniture in the room ; and the children were crying aloud for bread. They were hushed into silence by their mother, who appeared a young, pretty-looking person, with a very interesting expression of deep melancholy upon her countenance, evidently the effect of heart-rending anxiety and care. Dr. Foolscap was very communicative and told *Common-sense* that he was very busy with an essay, which was to be placed under the patronage of *Lord Gripem*, "on the Principles of Productive Capital ; with an Appendix, shewing how the Progress of Population

Trenches upon the Means of Subsistence." This work would, the writer hoped, place this interesting problem in its true light, and also be productive of great honour and benefit to himself. *Dr. Foolscap* mentioned that he had also been, for a considerable time, employed with some political dissertations for the use of the *Honourable Timothy Numskull*, a great politician in the House of Parliament, which was now sitting in the City of Plunder. These dissertations were of the most varied kind ; but the principal of them was one relative to the important duty of the poor paying every attention to *industry and economy*. This paper was to form the ground-work of some comprehensive and stringent legislative enactments in the City of Plunder. *Dr. Foolscap* mentioned that he was to receive one guinea for this document when properly illustrated with the necessary statistical tables. On leaving, the Doctor delicately asked if the party could give him a pair of old shoes, as he had not a pair of any kind to go over the door with.

Common-sense took the Pilgrim to another house in Scientific-place, where a very venerable looking personage resided. He kept a respectable establishment, wore a large bushy wig, and spoke as one having authority. This was *Mr Quarto*, the author. *Common-sense* told the Pilgrim the gentleman they now saw was paid so much a year by a leading squad of politicians in the City of Plunder, who owned a periodical publication which appeared four times a year, and the leading object of which was to perpetuate the old custom in that place of one man putting his hands into the pockets of his neighbour. *Mr. Quarto* had just finished an essay "on the State of Parties," in which he demonstrated that the party called the *Ins* were the most degraded, ignorant, snuffy, old blackguards that ever existed, and that the *Outs* were the very pinks of wisdom and patriotism. This publication was considered of the greatest importance to certain members of the legislature in the City of Plunder ; for without

it they could not know either how to act or how to speak on public questions. *Mr. Quarto* had also the privilege of reviewing books, for which the authors or publishers of them paid him in proportion to the length and eulogistic nature of his critiques. But the most interesting thing to Pilgrim in this *scientific place* was, the vast number of newspapers. Here were seen, at particular hours of each day, thousands of sheets flying in the air, like flakes of snow, and eagerly seized on by the people round about. These immense establishments were generally the property of political partizans ; but nothing could be a more heinous offence than to call in question their complete and perfect independence of any influence whatever. They laboured only for the happiness of the people ; were the great refiners and educators of mankind, and the sedulous guardians of public and private morality. Each of these newspaper concerns were conducted by a man who went under the generic name of *Mr. We*, who was always considered a very important person, full of knowledge of all kinds, knew more than any body else, and held a pen as sharp as a lancet. *Common-sense* had a cousin (five degrees removed) one of these *Mr. We's*, and he took the Pilgrim up to an attic, seven stories high, to see him. He was a thin, blear-eyed, man, much marked with the small-pox, and apparently about fifty years of age. He had a wife and family ; but kept a couple of mistresses besides. He drank a bottle of brandy a day, besides a fair proportion of porter and ale. He had been thrice a bankrupt, and was well known at every sponging house in the city. He was a great glutton, and the most barefaced and consummate liar in the place. But he had a great reverence for religion, and when *Common-sense* and *Radical* were with him, he was just finishing, what he termed, a very powerful "leading article," on "*the moral degradation of the lower orders.*"

When *Radical* and *Common-sense* came out of

this building, the following dialogue took place :—

Radical.—You surprise me very much with such an exposure of the newspaper press. I had been led to entertain much more favourable opinions of its character, than I now find that circumstances will warrant.

Common-sense.—It is base, corrupt, and unprincipled, beyond all comparison. It is founded on avarice ; it is the propagator of delusion ; it lives on hypocrisy and fraud ; it is the abettor of oppression and violence in all shapes and forms ; it is a deadly enemy to real public liberty ; it is the prolific source of national degradation and impotency ; it is the zealous and willing advocate of powerful guilt against defenceless innocence ; it is the bane of public and private morality ; it sows, with a prolific hand, the seeds of intellectual imbecility and corruption throughout the whole land ; and it openly and shamelessly glories in its own prostitution and venality.

Radical.—Do the newspaper editors not believe what they write ? I often peruse passages in which expressions such as these occur ; “these are contrary to *our principles*,” “an honest journalist,” “our defence of enlightened and liberal institutions,” “our advocating the best interest of the people.” &c., &c. Now these expressions must, I would fain hope, rest upon something like honesty of purpose amongst men.

Common-sense.—No such thing. These fellows have no principles but one, how to sell themselves to the devil at the highest price. There is nothing they will not say or do, to obtain money. With a score of exceptions, there would be neither injustice nor injury inflicted, if all the *Mr. We's* in the kingdom were hanged by the neck to-morrow morning. But come further down this Scientific-street, and have a peep at the *Philosophical Bazaar*.

Now, we saw in our dream, Pilgrim and *Common-sense* went into a spacious court, lighted from the top by numerous domes. Here were a large motley

group of persons, talking loudly on various topics, giving themselves great airs of importance, and manifesting intense zeal and rivalship in the distribution of their respective wares. This was called "*the Philosophical Bazaar of Useful Knowledge*," and was quite a pet institution with many politicians in the City of Plunder, for divers ends and purposes. The establishment was divided into numerous compartments. Some of the proprietors or occupiers of these were dressed in the ordinary habit of the country ; others had large gowns and wigs, and a portion were equipped like hucksters and pedlars. *Common-sense* and Pilgrim stood a while at a stall where a loud, boisterous, vulgar, raggamuffin kind of a fellow (well known as a great doctor in the City of Plunder,) was holding forth. He was delivering a lecture to an odd-looking group of hearers, on twenty seven new species of what he called "*Precursor lice*," which he had just discovered, in immense swarms on the inhabitants of *Emerald Isle*, a country tributary to the City of Plunder. The lecturer explained the great difference between the present animals and the "*repeal*," the "*emancipation*," and the "*rint*" lice. The "*Precursors*" had longer tails, several more legs, and bit with more ferocious keenness than the other kinds. The Doctor, on concluding his lecture, distributed his handbills. *Radical* was surprised to find they were in rhyme ; but *Common-sense* told him to be thankful for either rhyme or reason at the city of *Vanity-fair* !

When a nation grows sick, and is likely to die,
To me for advice and for physic apply;
Eschew the empiric, the humbug, and quack,
But open your purse, when I open my pack:
For this is its virtue—there's nothing that's in't
Can bear to shew face till you've paid up your "*rint*."

For folks that are ill, and can't stomach their rations,
I've prescribed, with success, my bran-new corporations ;
For who can be other than hungry and bare,
When he's under the sway of an orange Lord Mayor ?

" Corporations (quoth Pat) to cure hunger and cowld !
" Better give us some prog to put into the owld !"

Oh, bother ! that's blarney ! such blarney's a sin ;
If you won't believe me, then go ask Mr. Finn :
Of hunger in Eyreland I'm sure he won't hear,
Since I got him his place of a thousand a year !
And for cowld, sure, there's not such a thing about town
To be felt, since I bought Dickey Shiel his silk gown !

Are you not azy yet ? then I'll bet you three crowns
I've a plan that will cure both your ups and your downs :
I'll make you a railroad, and ne'er a hill in it,
That shall whisk you along thirty miles to the minute ;
And who'll then belave (let them say it who will)
That in Eyreland reform has come to a stand-still ?

Buy Precursory Pills!—good for grumbling sowl !
They'll cure all your ills, if you've got any bowels ;
They'll sharpen your teeth, make your appetite kane,
If you've got any beef to partake of I mane ;
Buy Precursor cathartics ! I, surely, may say !
For " precursor " manes only a " clearing the way ."

My name's Doctor Dan, from the lakes of Killarney.
And, remember, I deal both in physic and blarney !
Eschew the empiric, the humbug, and quack,
But open your purse, when I open my pack ;
For this is its nature—there's nothing that's in't
Can bear to shew face till you've paid up your " rint ! "

At the further end of the Bazaar stood a splendid collection of natural objects of great variety and interest. It comprised specimens of hair out of a peculiar species of bull's tails ; variegated flies, lops, and bugs ; black and white snails ; camel's dung from the desert ; a phial full of cuckoo's spittle ; cushy kye, from the Harmalyam mountains ; two white mice with red eyes ; a piece of black cinder out of a burning mountain ; the entire back bone of a red herring ; a white pebble, considered nearly as old as the world itself ; a front tooth of a jackass ; four rats' tails of different lengths ; a stuffed sucking pig, in an elegant glass case ; a lump of fairy's butter ; six green and speckled caterpillars ; four sparrows' eggs ; two

THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART VI.

Now we saw in our dream that *Common-sense* took the Pilgrim to a place of refreshment after the strange sights the latter had witnessed ; and when this was done, the guide took him to see *Bribery-street*, one of the most important and crowded thoroughfares in the whole city. The pressure of the multitude was great, as this was an important public day, the election and chairing of a Member of Parliament for the City of Plunder. The candidate was met at the entrance to the street, carried on the shoulders of the electors, and followed by an immense and noisy crowd, who hurrahed and shouted with might and main, in answer to which the member kindly and politely bowed his head several times in succession. This was considered an act of great condescension, grace, and humility ; and an infallible sign that he was endowed with much wisdom and uprightness of purpose. His name was *Numskull*, and he was descended from an ancient family in the neighbourhood, whose connexions were very numerous. As the Pilgrim advanced down the street, the scene began to deepen in interest and political profligacy. Hundreds of houses were opened for eating and drinking, and the electors were reeling about the streets in a state

CHAIRING OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE CITY OF PLUNDER





of savage and beastly intoxication. Some had been retained in their residences for a whole week together, and never allowed to go over the door, nor see the light of the sun ; and so well plied had they been with drink, that they thought the time only one night. But eating and drinking were not the only means that Members of Parliament employed to promote their electioneering views. A vast number of electors obtained considerable sums of money, whilst others got places, and situations for their sons and relatives in exchange for their "vote and interest."

Common-sense did not fail to point out to *Radical* the evil consequences of this system of bribery ; and to show him how the liberties and happiness of the natives of the City of Plunder, were subverted by those unconstitutional practices. The Pilgrim implicitly acquiesced in every word his guide uttered.

After *Common-sense* and the Pilgrim had left *Bribery-street*, they bent their steps to *Quack-quadrant*, a part of the city that had been vastly enlarged, beautified, and improved, within these few years. Here the sight was indeed both curious and imposing. The number of persons engaged in promoting the happiness of mankind and removing all their social and political troubles, was great beyond conception ; and the harmony that prevailed amongst them was a pleasing feature of their society. They, however, walked very quick, looked wild, and had their eyes fixed on particular objects. *Common-sense* took *Radical* to one part of the *Quadrant*, which was occupied by a great doctor in the Science of Quackery, who was dressed in a long cotton robe, a muslin turban, and beautifully figured gingham inexpressibles. He was demonstrating to a crowded audience, how all the evils of state could be removed by making certain things in our own country, and sending them, when made, away to other distant climes—and this was the true secret of all national wealth, to give neighbouring countries

whatever you can make at home ; and the more naked and pennyless you leave the workers at home, the more rich will the nation become. This was loudly applauded by the company. The next person the strangers met with, was a great lord for the City of Plunder, who came here at stated intervals to deliver lectures to the people, who, he said, were all very ignorant, and extremely liable to delusion. He pointed out some very striking analogies between the body politic and the body corporate, and shewed that reason clearly indicated that the one should be treated in the same way as the other. If the people were grumbling, discontented, quarrelsome, and noisy, it was a clear proof that more irritating and inflammatory humours in the body, gripes in the bowels, vertigoes and delirium in the head, crude exestuations in the stomach, frothy discharges of mucus from the chops, and irregularities in the bile ; and that these should be counteracted by laxatives, astringents, sedatives, and absorbents. But he preferred the laxative system beyond all others. It might be turned into a perfect mine of national wealth. He would recommend the whole people to be well scoured in their intestines for a considerable period, as the cheapest method of properly manuring the soil, and enabling it to yield treble its present quantum of produce. Nay, he had no doubt, but in the due course of time, the whole people would get into the method of evacuating gold sovereigns, so that the voice of want and misery would never be heard more !

Common-sense and *Radical* were interrupted in hearing a more detailed account of this wonderful projector, by an immense crowd of other schemers parading the whole length of *Quack-quadrant*, accompanied with a loud blowing of tin trumpets, and rams' horns. These men were engaged in a new and extensive undertaking for the renovation of the species. The appearance of the whole assembly was marked and striking. There were great numbers of persons with long and sad countenances

broad brimmed hats, buttonless coats, and with a cunning arch look of sinister design conspicuously spread over the whole physiognomy. Some were running up and down with long tin cases, maps, plans, sketches, estimates, elevations, designs, spirit levels, theodolites, chains, compasses, scales, ink bottles, tape-lines, &c. &c. The grand scheme of these men, who were now especially patronized, at the City of Plunder, by both parties, the *Ins* and *Outs*, was to level the globe, and to set carriages to run on the level plains, to carry the rich at *thirty miles* the hour, and to gratify and "ameliorate" the poor, by allowing them to look at the wonderful exhibition. The advantages to be derived from this plan was, that the sight of such a "vast improvement" would ultimately fill the bellies, clothe the backs of and shelter the millions, without any assistance, either from themselves or any one else. *Common-sense* and the Pilgrim were solicited by the leading projectors to get into some of their sliding machines ; but they positively refused, and bent their steps to another part of the *Quadrant*.

A little lower down, they found a great crowd of persons about a man with green spectacles, a wooden leg, and a prodigious hump on his back. He was delivering an oration on a New Moral System of the Universe, where all were to live in a state of inconceivable peace, happiness, and contentment. He endeavoured to demonstrate that there was no need to travel to the City of Reform, for all men had to consult *nature*, in the conduct of other animals around us, and regulate our conduct accordingly. Dogs afforded the best illustration. There was always the greatest harmony and peace in their society when they had *community* of property ; for if one had a bone, and another had none, there was sure to be growling, and snarling, and fighting. Men, therefore, ought to have no personal property ; but should all contrive matters so as to lap out of one trough. The lecturer was going on to show his deluded hearers, that the same principles ap-

plied to the intercourse of the sexes ; and that wives were the great bane of society ! Here *Common-sense* and *Radical* became so disgusted with his follies and blasphemies, that they abruptly left *Quack-quadrant* altogether.

At the further end of *Quack-quadrant* was a most extensive and dreary looking burial ground, and near it a very large building, with iron bars at its windows for the reception of lunatics. The number of residents who died ere their heads were " tipp'd with grey," was very great ; and the reverses of fortune, speculations, embarrassments, disappointed hopes, and broken hearts of the traders of this noted place, drive thousand to madness, and confirmed idiotism. The sight of these two establishments made a deep impression upon the Pilgrim, and more than any thing he had witnessed, pointed out the necessity of his making more vigorous efforts in future, to get to a place of safety.

The Pilgrim now expressed a desire to depart from the city, and that he felt a little exhausted by the labour he had undergone in his examination of it. *Common-sense* was anxious, however, that he should see *Paperkite-buildings*, which were near at hand. To this *Radical* assented. Here the people seemed to talk an altogether new language, different from any thing that Pilgrim had hitherto heard in this metropolis. There was an everlasting chatter, like the incessant crowings of a rookery, about stocks, funds, omnium, scrip, debentures, rentes, metalliques, discounts, premiums, exchequer bills, shares, accounts, balances, advances, consols, India stock, bank stock, exchanges, settling days, bear and bull accounts, lame ducks, pressures, panics, long annuities, bar gold, bullion, coin, mint prices, &c. The agitation and anxiety amongst the moving throng of the *Buildings* were exceedingly interesting. The people were all exchanging bits of paper one with another ; and this act was designated by the phrase of " the circulating medium," on which

many large volumes of books had been written, and which was considered as an occult science in that part of the country. These papers differed one from another, in size, shape, texture, and embellishments. Some had figures of sheep suspended by the middle with a blanket ; ships riding at anchor ; a lady sitting with a long pole in her hand, and a lion crouching at her feet ; views of iron bridges, church steeples, and court houses. But the newest design of note upon "change" was that of a bull popping his head out of a china shop, which was considered as an extremely expressive representation of the nature and offices of the instrument. The artist who executed it had been presented with a splendid necessary utensil made of the most refined and brittle clay of the country. The leading principle of occupation of the people in *Paperkite-buildings*, was that they enticed men to take their notes, and to pay them something valuable for them, and then to keep out these notes from their own residences as long as they can. Here *Common-sense* pointed out to the Pilgrim the whole machinery, and how detrimental it was to the freedom and happiness of all nations.

On leaving this place, *Common-sense* and his companion, *Radical*, found themselves at the entrance of *Usury-row*, and determined to have a peep, notwithstanding the place looked *very dirty*. and had a remarkably disgusting *odour* about it. At this they soon ceased to wonder, for they found the place swarming with Jews of every description and grade. Here, in a corner, was a dealer in *old clothes*, there, in another, an equally honest buyer, and seller, and changer of *old pictures*. Here were money changers, and money lenders of all sorts and sizes, from the dealer in foreign coins, and buyers of old silver, to the loan monger, the Leviathan stock jobber, and the hawker of shares of Real del Monte Mines, Equitable Loan Fund Societies, Railways to the Moon, and every conceivable scheme, whether above ground or under it. At

last they were stopped by a fellow with a long beard, who, taking *Common-sense* by the button, earnestly begged him, and his astonished companion, to take, as he called it, "a slishe of de new loan for 1839! Here, (said he,) is de scrip! vat you hesitate for? Only a trifle—two, tree, four hundred tousand pounds! *Radical* assured the Jew he had not in the world *four thousand pence*, when, to his utter astonishment, he found that was to make *no difference!* " Bah! vat you say about poverty? (said the Jew) nonshense! I tell you de scrip is at a good premium already, and rising like de smoke, so all you have to do is to order your broker to shell and pocket *de difference* on settling day!" "But whom must I sell to," said *Radical*. " Vy, to de first fool you meet wid monish in his pocket," replied the Jew, with a leer and a wink. *Radical* could make nothing of this; so turning to *Common-sense*, he asked, "if this were a *lone*, to *whom* the money was *lent?*" The Jew, however, would have the talk to himself; "lent, (said he,) vy, to de grand Chancellor of de Exchequer, de great and de profound Rabbi, Spring Rishe?" "But how come you to lend to him?" asked *Radical*. "Why, for to shave de country to be sure!" rejoined Smouch. "Save our country! (exclaimed *Radical*) in that case, it is our duty to *GIVE, not to lend*, and at usurious interest!" "To be sure! (said *Common-sense*) look at Puffendorf and Grotius, and every civilian; a country, in its *need*, can command LIFE as well as MONEY." "Bah! (said the Jew) bah! nonshense! no one shaves his country for *nothing*, now a days! We must have the interest, aye, and de principal into de bargain! because why; you know out of your gains, you can MAKE ANODER LOAN and SHAVE your country AGAIN! besides getting rich, as all shavers of de country should do! Dat is the plan! ha! ha!"

Common-sense was so disgusted with this villain, that he fairly turned upon his heal, and taking *Radical* by the arm, walked out of the place, muttering, "that fellow would grace a lamp-post, at all events!"

Trudging along in a pet after this adventure, *Radical* and his friend suddenly came upon a place very different in appearance from *Usury-row*. It was a charming retired spot with a narrow avenue, but growing wider as they walked down. Before the houses were pretty gardens, planted with flowering shrubs and odoriferous plants and flowers; sweet briar, double blossom thorn, savine, heart's ease, lilly of the valley, rne, marygold, orange thyme, thorn apple, batchelor's buttons, sweet William, sensitive plant, bee-orchis, monk's-hood, and love in a mist. Every house had a jasmine arbour leading to the back door. In front hung cages with turtul doves, billing and cooing, Indian sparrows, and breeding canaries. The windows were all furnished with *Venetian* blinds, to keep out the too saucy sunshine; and, in some, the sound of music and singing was heard; in others, the inhabitants seemed not to be up, though it was now afternoon. *Radical* observed that all the doors were painted green, had no knockers, and mostly stood a little open, as did the garden gates also! "Bless me! (said *Common-sense*) this must be *Prostitute-place*, surely; but we shall soon find that out! And now, *Radical*, take care to remember you have a *wife and family with you!*" "I shall hardly forget that," quoth *Radical* archly. "Well; we shall adventure," says *Common-sense*, and without ceremony, he marches into a house of a very elegant exterior, followed by *Radical*, who began to think this was very "free and easy" sort of work. On entering they were accosted by a very nice old lady, who said they were just in the nick of time to hear the greatest treat in the world, for *Lady Diana Trapes*, who was famous in the fashionable world for her musical and comic talents, was just going to give them an "*aria*," accompanied by herself on the Spanish Guitar; the nice old lady then begged them to walk up stairs, and on *Radical* hesitating, and looking rather sheepish, assured them that besides *Lady Di*, there were only her three nieces,

the *Misses Skipjack*, their companion *Miss Pliable*, the *Hon. Mrs. Straddle*, *Lady Polly Prude*, and the *Duchess of Graveairs*; together with *Sir Harry Hellrake*, *Jack Jauntish*, *M.P.*, *Colonel Cully*, the *Duke of Dunder*, and *Lord Longbow*! In short, it was quite a "select" party!

On their entrance, *Radical* and *Common-sense* found the party very much at their ease, having just finished their lunch. Some were lolling about on sofas sipping noyeau, cherry brandy, and other liquers, and recommending them to the ladies who seemed "nothing loath." Others were tittering in a corner over some scandal in a newspaper; a brace were enjoying a port-folio of rare coloured prints; and *Lord Longbow* was helping *Lady Di* to tune her instrument. "How did you *vote* last night *Jauntish*?" said *Lady Polly Prude*. "Not with these odious Radicals I hope!" "Can't say, 'pon honour!" was the answer, "got so much champagne with a devilled gizzard at Bellamy's—that, curse me, if I know how I voted!" "Well, if you *voted wrong*, you know you need not speak to *ME* again; (said the *Hon. Mrs. Straddle*) that's all!" *Radical* stared at this, and was going to ask if *Members of Parliament* *voted to please ladies*, but *Common-sense* motioned him to be quiet. "I'm sick of hearing of these Radicals (said the *Duke of Dunder*). *Colonel*, why don't you cut them down at once?" "Give the word my *Lord Duke* (rejoined the *Colonel*)—and we are ready 'pon honour!" "They deserve *twice* as much, the odious wretches!" said *Miss Skipjack*. "We can't kill men *twice* over, like *you ladies*!" said the *Colonel*. *Lady Di* was now ready to sing; so playing a prelude on her guitar, and leering with a pair of black eyes full of comic archness at *Jack Jauntish*, she sung as follows:—

If a child you would please
Give it tuckers and bubs;
Politicians delight
But in satires and squibs.

Your wits are still running
On humour and joke;
Your soldier loves nothing
Like thunder and smoke.
But if ladies to charm
Yon e'er have in your eye,
Believe me there's nought
Like a charming white lie;
And to sport a white lie
Who so ready as he
Who the best of his lifetime
Has been an M.P.!

CHORUS.

Has been an M.P.—been an M.P.,
Who the best of his lifetime
Has been an M.P.!

With a lie comes a smile,
Or it sticks in the throat;
And who wants a smile
That e'er canvass'd a vote?
With the smile goes a bow,
Or it is'nt for good;
And who e'er lack'd a bow
That on hustings has stood?
But lie, smile, and bow,
Will all fail to delight,
If the breath be not sweet,
And the teeth be not white;
And from the teeth outwards
How pleasant is he
Who the best of his lifetime
Has been an M.P.!

CHORUS.

Has been an M.P.,—been an M.P.!
Who the best of his lifetime
Has been an M.P.!

When *Lady Di* had concluded, a very pretty young lady, seeing *Radical* was a stranger, and hearing his name, condescendingly entered into conversation with him. "Was he fond of music?" she asked in a voice that was really very charming, particularly when in company with an eye, the fascination of which *Common-sense* said, was hardly inferior to the rattlesnake! *Radical* could only say

he was quite ignorant of the science, Oh ! so much the better ! she of all things loved natural and wild music ! and especially the *Æolian Harp*, of which she had, in her *Boudoir*, one of the most splendid ever seen ! She should be “*so happy to have his* opinion of it !” *Radical* hardly knew what to say in reply to this kind offer ; but *Common-sense* saw it was time to be off ; so making an excuse, they trooped down stairs, and in such a hurry, that they had nearly run over another party of fashionables who were coming up, fresh from the *Parliament House* !

THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART VII.

Now, we saw that *Radical* and his family made preparations for immediately leaving the City of Vanity-fair ; and *Common-sense* made himself useful in assisting him on his journey. When the Pilgrim had advanced a short way out of the town he cast his eyes back to it, and on looking at its showy and splendid domes, and recollecting all the enticing things in it, he felt a peculiar stupor steal insensibly over him. He was now upon the enchanted ground, a place where many a resolute Pilgrim had been overpowered with a drowsiness that ended in death. *Common-sense* reminded him of the dangerous pass ; and, therefore, *Radical* was, in some measure, prepared to struggle against the intoxicating influence. He had to make great efforts to keep up his wife's resolution, which had been more severely shaken by the scenes in Vanity-fair than his own. After a determined struggle they all got safely off the enchanted ground, and arrived at a small cottage by the way-side, kept by a *Mr. Good-intent*, who comforted and directed Pilgrims when exhausted with their perilous journeys. This worthy host informed the Pilgrim that he was now only two day's journey from the City of Reform, whose battlements and towers he would see from the top of the hill, &

short distance from the cottage. But he also told him that he would have another severe battle to fight before he actually arrived at the City ; but he had no doubt that he would prove victorious.

Radical was now within one step of the attainment of all his hopes ; but that, though short, was, he knew, doomed to be sharp. Before him was the long wished for *City of Reform*. Like Bruce, when he reached the sources of the Nile ; like Lander, when he sailed down the embouchure of the Niger ; like Cortes, when reaching the western-most boundaries of Darien, he looked with astonished eye over the blue and boundless Pacific, *Radical* beheld the lofty and noble towers and glittering spires of the city with a sensation of awe and rapture. The former, however, predominated ; for on the plain on which he now stood, and across which he now looked, was to be fought the last terrible conflict with *Political Apollyon*, who, he was warned by *Common-sense*, would here confront him for the last time, with all the power which *desperation* could call to his aid. In fact, this was so well known that the walls and turrets of the city, which looked upon the plain, were covered with spectators of every grade anxious to see the issue of the contest. From a horrid looking fastness on the right it was generally expected the monster would issue to try his last desperate chance. This fastness was called 'Change Alley Fastness'. It was a *deep, gloomy, craggy glen*, infested with venomous snakes of all kinds, which fed upon the poisonous herbs with which it was over-run ; the trees were loaded with unwholesome ivy, and covered with fungi, and wet moss, and mildew, the offspring of the corrupt, marshy ground which constituted the bottom. It was, in short, a place that few persons possessed of prudence cared to go near ; and here it was supposed the monster *Apollyon* waited in ambush, having got his armour refitted, to attack *Radical* in crossing the plain to the city gate, which was called "*Pilgrim's Gate*." *Radical* had been



RALPH AL'S CONFLICT WITH POLITICAL APOLLYON.



warned by *Common-sense* that the monster might probably bring auxiliaries to help to crush him, and saw that it was prudent to take every precaution that could be thought of before-hand. He, therefore, loaded the musket which the good shepherds had given him with two or three balls, instead of one, and an extra charge of gunpowder. He also loaded both his pistols, and sharpened, and loosened in its sheath, his well-tempered sword, which had shattered *Apollyon's* shield and drawn his blood in their first skirmish, when *Moral-force* met his death so unexpectedly. He also called his eldest boy, whom the journey had now made bold and hardy, and made him march close by his side to be ready for any emergency.

A loud buzz from the thickly crowded walls of the city, at last announced the approach of the horrid monsther *Apollyon*. He was mounted on a huge and gigantic horse, of a strange pyebald hue. This monstrous brute was named "DEBT," and moved unwieldily along, making the very earth tremble. Out of his nostrils came a thick, heavy smoke, and his hoofs, clad in huge iron shoes, ploughed up the plain, devastating everything as he moved on. *Radical*, with great presence of mind, however, observed that the brute shiyed at two or three objects in passing, and concluded that he was less easy to be brought to a steady charge than the monster on his back could wish. On his back sat *Apollyon*, armed with spear and sword, his eyes burning like red coals, and hot breath coming from his mouth, but his wings were not expanded as before, he, probably, remembering how he suffered on the occasion. As the monsther drew near, *Radical* formed his plan, and giving his son one of his pistols and the sword, he sent him round behind a little knoll on the other side, bidding him, when the monsther was opposite, fire his pistol boldly from his place of ambush.

As the monsther drew near, *Radical* saw, with great apprehension, that he had an auxiliary on one

side. It was a lean, gaunt, immensely tall skeleton-looking bearded figure, with what seemed a purse in one hand and a dagger in the other. The name of this tall, withered wretch was *Bribery*, and he was always ready to assist the monster *Apollyon* by fair means or foul. He kept close by the monster's steed, and *Radical* seeing such odds against him, began almost to think he was lost. However, putting up a prayer to God, he stood his ground, with his bayonet fixed, awaiting the onset as best he might, and keeping a steady eye on his foes to enable him to parry or avoid the terrible thrust of the horrid monster's deadly spear. At this critical moment, the boy, true to his father's commands, fired his pistol suddenly, when the enormous brute on which *Apollyon* rode suddenly wheeled, and in doing so completely overwhelmed the gaunt wretch *Bribery*, and stumbling over him, came completely down on his knees, to the apparent dismay of his rider, who used spur and bridle furiously to make him rise again. This, however, the unwieldy brute could not do so quickly, but that *Radical* seeing *Apollyon*'s attention engaged, drew very near, and fired his musket right into the belly of the unwieldy steed, which, giving a horrid snort and plunge, rolled over on one side. *Radical* boldly seizing the opportunity, gashed with the bayonet the belly of the brute "DEBT," out of which rushed a stream of blood so noisome and hot that it burned up the herbage, like volcanic lava, and sent up suffocating vapors, which, by their pungency, forced *Radical* to retreat a little for breath! He perceived, however, to his great joy, that *Apollyon* was completely entangled by the fall of DEBT, and was going to reload his piece as fast as possible, when his attention was drawn by the cries of his son who invoked his father's assistance as in great terror. And well he might for the boy was attacked by a burly fellow called *Treachery*, who had skulked on the other side of the monster, and thus avoided *Radical*'s

view. He was a huge, burly, and ugly wretch, with a very loud and threatening voice, and dressed in a loathsome manner, with a bloody *death's head and cross bones* painted on his breast, which gave him an appearance shocking in the extreme. This wretch had made at the boy, who, though in terrible alarm and far over-matched, kept him bravely at bay with his sword as well as he could. *Radical* lost no time, but coming rapidly up to him, with his pistol blew his brains completely out, just in time to save his boy who was on the point of falling a victim to the villain who thus met his reward. *Radical*, however rejoiced, had still no time to lose. The monster *Apollyon* was making tremendous efforts to free himself from his fallen steed. He was expanding his wings with all his might, and in no long time would have disengaged himself from this entanglement. *Radical* lost no time, but loading his well-proved piece as heavily as it would bear, came as near as he dared, and taking deliberate aim shot the monster through both wings, lodging, at the same time, a ball in his body just under the shoulder. This shot, as before, dislodged from the wings as well as the body of *Apollyon*, tremendous quantities of the paper-like feathers with which they were clothed, and so terrible had been the shot that in some places the lean ribs of the monster were plainly to be seen where the feathery covering had been blown off. The bellowings of the monster were now frightful, but his efforts gradually relaxing, *Radical*, saw he was mortally wounded and his strength rapidly sinking. Drawing cautiously near, therefore, he succeeded in giving him repeated stabs; under which, roaring as a whale does when struck with lances of his pursuers he at last sunk motionless and expired upon the body of his dead steed, *Debt*, which, after all, instead of aiding him had given *Radical* the victory. *Radical* fell down upon his knees and thanked God who had thus brought him through his last trial in triumph and unhurt.

After the Pilgrim and his family had recovered from the excitement of this combat, they bent forward towards the City of Reform, which was just in sight. At a short distance they came to a most delightful country, whose air was deliciously sweet and balmy, whose fields were adorned with a profusion of flowers and aromatic plants, and its woods resounded to the notes of thousands of winged warblers. Here there was the prospect of everything desirable. At the entrance to the City the Pilgrim and his wife and family were met by the leading authorities of the place, who welcomed the party to their new residence, and complimented them upon the resolution and courage they had, one and all, manifested, during their long and perilous journey. Ample provisions were immediately obtained, a comfortable house procured, and the whole party clad with useful and becoming garments, suitable to a working man's station in life.

When *Radical* and his family had thus got settled in the City of Reform, they all experienced a visible change in the whole circle of their domestic circumstances and enjoyments. Direct taxes were unknown ; and the only thing in the shape of an impost was a small duty laid upon a few articles of foreign importation. Here every man breathed the air of freedom. No corrupt influence exerted ; no loss of business or labour for giving your vote as your judgment might dictate ; no man pursuing polities, as a trade or profession, *to live by* ; no fraudulent schemes with high-sounding names, to cheat the working man out of half the produce of his labour or his skill ; no pensioners upon the public bounty, rolling in wealth, and bursting with vanity and insolence ; no deprivation of civil rights on account of poverty ; no distinctions between the rich and the poor, as to the administration of justice ; no denial of the working man of his right to a decent subsistence out of the soil when aged and infirm, or deprived of the means of getting employment ; no shutting him up in Giant Despair's

Castle, starving him to death, separating him from his wife, and his children from both ; no mortgaging of the citizen's labour and skill, to endless posterity, by public debts ; no men employed by the government under the pretence of keeping the public peace, but with the real object of acting as spies upon the conduct of every man who may make himself obnoxious, by his boldness and public spirit, to the members of the Government : no herds of base, low-minded, sycophantic creatures, who dare not even speak in a whisper on public affairs ; no sending men to legislate for the natives of this renowned city, whose only recommendation is that they are rich, or connected with rich people ; no men chosen to fill high and important public offices merely on the strength of their hereditary wisdom ; no transporting men to distant climes for killing a wild bird or animal of any kind ; no votes for members of the truly reformed legislature openly bought and sold ; no schemes for checking the numbers of mankind, or for destroying their helpless and innocent children, to make more room for the idle and unprincipled part of the community ; no means of ignorance and quackery gaining the ascendancy over wisdom and integrity, in the conducting of public business ; no legislative confessions that corruption is as well known to exist in the government as that "the sun is to be seen at noon day" ; no succumbing to foreign nations which it is a bounden duty to keep in awe and subjection ; no putting up with insults on the national character or honour from the sheer influence of national profligacy ; no erecting of monuments to men who, if remembered at all, ought to be remembered only to their shame ; no usurious, scheming, fraudulent, vagabonds, invested with power or influence over the public weal, none of these things were here. On the contrary, here every man possessing common industry was able to earn an ample livelihood, and bring up his family in ease and comfort ; here the name of taxgatherer was unknown, and even the office of

the *overseer* was almost a *sinecure*; here was no standing army, no police spies, no yeomanry, but the whole male population, from twenty to fifty years of age, were armed, and served in turn in the National Militia, and the only civil functionaries were the judge, the magistrate, the sheriff, the high constable, and the petty constable; here every man could, if he pleased, shoot a hare or a pheasant, unfound fault with, if he took care not to damage fences or growing crops; here was no such thing as a stock exchange, or a saving bank, or a bank note for any sum under FIFTY pounds, or a stock-jobber, or a Jew, or a dépositor, but men having money to lend, lent to traders on security; here was hardly any occasion for a bankrupt court or list, the occurrence being comparatively rare; here every man eat beef, mutton, veal, pork, or bacon every day, and every man brewed his own strong beer, from the labourer to the lord; here the linen was spun at home, for the most part, and was so strong that it would out-last *one hundred* times the quantity of flimsy cotton; here the furniture of every man was made of solid oak, mahogany, or rosewood, and not of mere fir deal-boards veneered over with the appearance of mahogany as thin as a wafer; here, in short, all men spent a life of honest, but happy industry, and lived generally to a good old age. Such was the CITY OF REFORM. And now, behold! our dream changed on a sudden, and we beheld Radical surrounded by his children and grandchildren, his head as white as snow, and they all kneeled down around his bed and praised God, with him who had brought them there to happiness, and preserved their grandfather through all his dangers, even through that last bloody conflict with the beast Apollyon and his associates; and the old man then gave them his last blessing, and lay back, in his bed, and departed without a sigh! May our latter end be like his! AMEN.





